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A Concise ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE *and Eminent* SERVICES *of the Honourable* AUGUSTUS KEPPEL, *Admiral of the Blue.* [P. 220.]

WE now bring Admiral Keppel to the tranſactions of a period much nearer, and with which we are more immediately concerned. When the diſputes with our colonies had brought on a war with our natural enemy, he who had invariably acted in oppoſition to the miniſters was called upon to act in defence of his country. Though he heartily deſpiſed the abilities, and condemned the principles of the men in power, yet his regard for the ſervice of the ſtate would not permit him to refuſe the command of an expedition againſt the force of France.—The diſpute, while it depended only between the Mother and the Children, could not engage the ſervices of any true whig; but when the tide of war was changed, and we waged it not againſt our brethren, but againſt our ancient foes, every conſtitutional ſoldier was ready to ſtand forward—every hand and every heart was united; and the principal defenders of their country's rights made voluntary offers of their ſervices. Mr KEPPEL, with the rank of Admiral of the Blue, was inveſted with the command of the fleet; while his brother, Lieutenant-general Keppel, commanded the principal camp.

The Admiral ſailed with 20 ſhips of the line in the month of June, and made immediately for the port of Breſt; where, gaining information of the exact ſtrength of the enemy, that they had in that harbour 31 ſhips of the line, fully manned, equipped, and ready for putting out to ſea within a few days, he thought it more prudent to return to port, and receive an addition of ſtrength, than hold an argument with them with ſo inferior a force.

This conduct gained him ſtill more and more the confidence and applauſe of the people. It was equal to a victory to ſave the fleet, and they looked upon the Admiral as the man who had ſaved the nation from a moſt dreadful calamity, and whoſe ſingle prudence and fortitude had ſnatched them from the fate, which the weakneſs of the miniſtry, in either not knowing the ſtrength of the enemy, or in not preparing an adequate force to meet it, had ſo nearly brought upon them. In the diſcreet proceeding which

he adopted, he gained true fame, and reaped triumph from retreat.

Being reinforced with ten ſhips, he again ſet ſail; and, after having ſcoured the ſeas for a conſiderable time without meeting with the likeneſs of an enemy, he at laſt, on the 23d of July, about three in the afternoon, diſcovered the French fleet, conſiſting of 30 ſail, under the command of the Count d'Orvilliers, off Breſt, and conſiderably to leeward. He ordered a chace immediately.—They did not come up before night.—In the night-time the French altered their poſition, and the next morning they were found to windward.—This circumſtance both ſurpriſed and pleaſed the Britiſh fleet; they concluded the French were for once to oppoſe their ſtrength nobly to ours, ſince they had left a poſition where they might have ſaved themſelves by flight into port, if they choſe to avoid an engagement.—They were ſoon, however, convinced, the intention of the French was different from what they had ſuppoſed.—They had changed their poſition for the expreſs purpoſe of avoiding an engagement, inſtead of courting one.—The Admiral could not go into Breſt without doing ſomething; and he could not remain on the lee-ſide without fighting.—For four days they ſtudiouſly avoided coming to action, nor could the Britiſh Admiral, with all his endeavours, force them to it. On the morning of the 27th, the Admiral determined at all events to bring them to an engagement; and for this purpoſe he ordered ſix of the moſt leeward ſhips in the rear diviſion to chace to windward, meaning thereby to bring them up more to, and lay them in the wind's eye, by which they would come ſooner into action, and cloſe in with their diviſion upon the general tack.—At ten o'clock there was a favourable change in the wind; the Admiral took immediate advantage of it.—The chaſing ſhips had brought the ſternmoſt ſhips of the French fleet very near; and the whole fleet having tacked by ſignal, and forming their line of battle—the enemy, ſeeing an action was now unavoidable, gathered virtue from neceſſity, and bore down on the larboard tack, and engaged us. The fleets paſſed each other on different tacks, and from eleven till two the action was very warm. The Engliſh Admiral's inſtructions were—not to fire a gun till the ſhips were within piſtol-ſhot, "that they might fight like *men*, cloſe, and not at a diſtance." The French admiral was very different in his inſtructions: their only intent ſeemed to be to *cripple*, not to *beat* the Britiſh fleet, ſince their ſhot was uniformly levelled at the maſts, yards, and rigging.—The Admiral, in the Victory of 100 guns, reſerved a great part of his fire for the Bretagne and the Ville de Paris, two of the flag ſhips; the one he very much diſabled, and the other he *ſilenced*.

After the van and center diviſions had paſſed the rear of the enemy's line, they ſtood off a little way, wore, and laid their heads again towards the enemy, ready to renew the action, as ſoon as the rear diviſion, commanded by Sir Hugh Palliſer, ſhould come out of it. They accordingly did ſtand down, carrying a preſs of ſail, and the ſignal for the line of battle a-head flying on board the Victory; but the Admiral perceiving ſeveral of the ſhips diſabled in their maſts and rigging, thought it beſt to give them time to repair their damages, ſeeing that now, by having the weather-gage, he could renew the action when he thought proper. For about three hours he kept wearing the enemy, by going two or three points from the wind, with his main ſail aback, and ſhortening his way as much as poſſible, for the diſabled ſhips to come up and join him. Notwithſtanding, however, that the ſignal was out from three o'clock in the afternoon till eight in the evening for Sir Hugh Palliſer's diviſion to come into his wake, and that the Honourable Captain Windſor, of the Fox frigate, delivered a meſſage to him, at half paſt five, for that purpoſe: that gentleman, from motives not yet ſufficiently, at leaſt ſatisfactorily explained, neglected obeying the Admiral's order, and by that means prevented him from renewing the action that day.—In the evening the enemy formed their line, which gave the Admiral ſo far pleaſure, ſince it indicated an intention of renewing the action next morning. In this, however, he was alſo deceived; for, on the morning of the 28th, three only of the French fleet remained in ſight, the reſt having ſlipped away under cover of the night.—The Admiral made a ſignal for four ſhips to chaſe; but conſidering the danger of entangling them on a lee ſhore on an enemy's coaſt, he called them in again; and, having ſeen the enemy enter the port of Breſt, he returned with his whole fleet to port.

The people received the accounts of this engagement with a mixture of plea-

ſure and reſentment. They ſaw with pleaſure that Admiral Keppel had done all that the experience they had of his great bravery and abilities gave them room to expect; but they ſaw (or thought they ſaw) in the conduct of Sir Hugh Palliſer enough to rouſe their reſentment.

The fleet, however, having been repaired in a few weeks, ſailed a third time to cruize on the French coaſt. Having waited near two months in expectation of the Breſt fleet again making its appearance, the Admiral at length came back to Portſmouth.—Here many reports were flying to the diſadvantage of Sir Hugh Palliſer. The newſpapers were very free in their animadverſions, and one, in particular, contained a paragraph directly charging Sir Hugh with the whole blame of the action not being renewed*. Sir Hugh Palliſer felt his honour much hurt, and intreated Admiral Keppel would publiſh, under his own name, a letter which he ſent to him, and which tended to exculpate Sir Hugh from any ſhare in the blame for the miſcarriage in the action on July 27. This the Admiral refuſed.—Sir Hugh accordingly publiſhed himſelf a long account* of the manœuvres of the two fleets on that day, wherein he ſhews, that his diviſion was ſo diſabled (many of his ſhips being not under command), that it was out of his power to lead it into the line of battle, according to the Admiral's ſignal, whereby a renewal of the action was prevented.—This account the Admiral ſeverely condemned in the Houſe of Commons; and after much altercation on the ſubject, Sir Hugh at length reſolved to criminate the Admiral, by exhibiting a charge againſt him for miſconduct and neglect of duty.—A court-martial was appointed, which ſat in the Governor's houſe at Portſmouth on the 7th of January laſt, and continued till the 11th of February, when the Admiral was fully and honourably acquitted†.--Never was there perhaps, ſo noble an emulation among any ſet of men as there was among the brave ſeamen of Britain, to do juſtice to the inſulted character of the brave Admiral, and the honourable navy, on this occaſion. The diſtinction of country made no diſtinction of men, but Engliſh, Scots, and Iriſh, natives and foreigners, all acted with the ſame ardour, and expreſſed the ſame zeal.

The event was received with an univerſal tranſport of rejoicing, ſuch as never, in the memory of any man, governed the public mind. Joy became frantic on the occaſion, and the tumultuous tide of gladneſs ſo impetuouſly overtopped its banks, that it overwhelmed every other object in the mind, and ſpread wide and wildly in every direction. The illuminations in London were moſt brilliant and univerſal. The thanks of the Houſes of Lords and Commons were voted unanimouſly, all ſave one pitiful voice, to the Admiral for his conduct on that day. The city of London, the Weſt India merchants, and every other city, trading corporation, and great ſociety did the ſame. Sir Hugh Palliſer was ſtruck off from all his employments, and preparation ordered to be made for bringing him to trial on March 18th, enſuing.

* *This charge, with Sir* Hugh's *defence, may be ſeen in the* Weekly Mercury, No. xliii. Vol. III page 381.

† *For a full account of the Proceedings of the Court-martial, ſee* Weekly Mercury, No. iii. Vol. IV. *and ſubſequent numbers.*

Retrospective View *of* American Affairs *for the Years* 1776 *and* 1777. [P. 223.]

ST LEGER's attempt upon Fort Stanwix (now named by the Americans Fort Schuyler), was ſoon after its commencement favoured by a ſucceſs ſo ſignal, as would, in other caſes, and a more fortunate ſeaſon, have been deciſive as to the fate of a ſtronger and much more important fortreſs. General Harkimer, a leading man of that country, was marching at the head of eight or nine hundred of the Tryon county militia, with a convoy of proviſions to the relief of the fort. St Leger, well aware of the danger of being attacked in his trenches, and of withſtanding the whole weight of the garriſon in ſome particular, and probably weak point at the ſame inſtant, and equally well underſtanding the kind of ſervice for which the Indians were peculiarly calculated, judiciouſly detached Sir John Johnſon, with ſome regulars, the whole or part of his own regiment, and the ſavages, to lie in ambuſh in the woods, and intercept the enemy upon their march.

It ſhould ſeem by the conduct of the militia and their leader, that they were not only totally ignorant of all military duties, but that they had even never heard by report of the nature of an In-

dian war, or of that peculiar ſervice in the woods, to which from its nature and ſituation their country was at all times liable. Without examination of their ground, without a reconnoitring or flanking party, they plunged blindly into the trap that was laid for their deſtruction. Being thrown [Aug. 6.] into ſudden and inevitable diſorder, by a near and heavy fire on almoſt all ſides, it was completed by the Indians, who inſtantly purſuing their fire, ruſhed in upon their broken ranks, and made a moſt dreadful ſlaughter amongſt them with their ſpears and hatchets. Notwithſtanding their want of conduct, the militia ſhewed no want of courage in their deplorable ſituation. In the midſt of ſuch extreme danger, and ſo bloody an execution, rendered ſtill more terrible by the horrid appearance and demeanour of the principal actors, they recollected themſelves ſo far as to recover an advantageous ground, which enabled them after to maintain a ſort of running fight, by which about one third of their number was preſerved.

The loſs was ſuppoſed to be on their ſide about four hundred killed, and half that number priſoners. It was thought of the greater conſequence, as almoſt all thoſe who were conſidered as the principal leaders and inſtigators of rebellion in that country were now deſtroyed. The triumph and exultation were accordingly great, and all oppoſition from the militia in that country was ſuppoſed to be at an end. The circumſtance of old neighbourhood and perſonal knowledge between many of the parties, in the preſent rage and animoſity of faction, could by no means be favourable to the extenſion of mercy; even ſuppoſing that it might have been otherwiſe practiſed with prudence and ſafety, at a time when the power of the Indians was rather prevalent, and that their rage was implacable. For accccording to their computation and ideas of loſs, the ſavages had purchaſed this victory exceeding dearly, thirty-three of their number having been ſlain, and twenty-nine wounded, among whom were ſeveral of their principal leaders, and of their moſt diſtinguiſhed and favourite warriors. This loſs accordingly rendered them ſo diſcontented, intractable, and ferocious, that the ſervice was greatly affected by their ill diſpoſition. The unhappy priſoners were however its firſt objects; moſt of whom they inhumanly butchered in cold blood. The New-Yorkers, rangers, and other troops, were not without loſs in this action.

On the day, and probably during the time of this engagement, the garriſon, having received intelligence of the approach of their friends, endeavoured to make a diverſion in their favour, by a vigorous and well-conducted ſally, under the direction of Colonel Willet, their ſecond in command. Willet conducted his buſineſs with ability and ſpirit. He did conſiderable miſchief in the camp, brought off ſome trophies, no inconſiderable ſpoil, ſome of which conſiſted in articles that were much wanted, a few priſoners, and returned with little or no loſs. He afterwards undertook, in company with another officer, a much more perilous expedition. They paſſed by night through the beſiegers works, and, in contempt of the danger and cruelty of the ſavages, made their way for 50 miles thro' pathleſs woods and unexplored moraſſes, in order to raiſe the country, and bring relief to the fort. Such an action demands the praiſe even of an enemy.

Colonel St Leger left no means untried to profit of his victory, by intimidating the garriſon. He ſent verbal and written meſſages, ſtating their hopeleſs ſituation, the utter deſtruction of their friends, the impoſſibility of obtaining relief, as General Burgoyne, after deſtroying every thing in his way, was now at Albany receiving the ſubmiſſion of all the adjoining countries, and by prodigiouſly magnifying his own force. He repreſented, that in this ſtate of things, if, through an incorrrigible obſtinacy, they ſhould continue a hopeleſs and fruitleſs defence, they would, according to the practice of the moſt civilized nations, be cut off from all conditions, and every hope of mercy. But he particularly dwelt upon the pains he had taken in ſoftening the rage of the Indians for their late loſs, and obtaining from them ſecurity, that in caſe of an immediate ſurrender of the fort, every man of the garriſon ſhould be ſpared; whilſt, on the other hand, they declared with the moſt bitter execrations, that if they met with any further reſiſtance, they would not only maſſacre the garriſon, but that every man, woman, and child in the Mohawk country would neceſſarily, and however againſt his will, fall ſacrifices to the fury of the ſavages. This point, he ſaid, he preſſed entirely on the ſcore of humanity; he promiſed on his part, in caſe of an immediate ſurrender

every attention which a humane and generous enemy could give.

The Governor, Colonel Ganſevort, behaved with great firmneſs. He replied, that he had been entruſted with the charge of that garriſon by the United States of America; that he would defend the truſt committed to his care at every hazard, and to the utmoſt extremity; and that he neither thought himſelf accountable for, nor ſhould he at all concern himſelf about any conſequences that attended the diſcharge of his duty. It was ſhrewdly remarked in the fort, that half the pains would not have been taken to diſplay the force immediately without, or the ſucceſs at a diſtance, if they bore any proportion at all to the magnitude in which they were repreſented.

The Britiſh commander was much diſappointed in the ſtate of the fort. It was ſtronger, in better condition, and much better defended than he expected. After great labour in his approaches, he found his artillery deficient, being inſufficient in weight to make any inconſiderable impreſſion. The only remedy was to bring his approaches ſo near that they muſt take effect, which he ſet about with the greateſt diligence. In the mean time the Indians continued ſullen and intractable. Their late loſſes might have been cured by certain advantages; but the misfortune was, they had yet got no plunder, and their proſpect of getting any ſeemed to grow every day fainter. It is the peculiar characteriſtic of that people, to exhibit in certain inſtances degrees of courage and perſeverance which ſhock reaſon and credibility, and to betray in others the greateſt irreſolution and timidity; with a total want of that conſtancy which might enable them for any length of time to ſtruggle with difficulty.

Whilſt the commander was carrying on his operations with the utmoſt induſtry, the Indians received a flying report, that Arnold was coming with a thouſand men to relieve the fort. The commander endeavoured to hearten them, by promiſing to lead them himſelf, to bring all his beſt troops into action, and by carrying their leaders out to mark a field of battle, and the flattery of conſulting them upon the intended plan of operation. Whilſt he was thus endeavouring to ſoothe their temper, and to revive their flagging ſpirits, other ſcouts arrived with intelligence, probably contrived in part by themſelves, which firſt doubled, and afterwards trebled the number of the enemy, with the comfortable addition, that Burgoyne's army was entirely cut to pieces. The Colonel returned to camp, and called a council of their chiefs, hoping, that by the influence which Sir John Johnſon, and the ſuperintendants Claus and Butler had over them, they might ſtill be induced to make a ſtand. He was diſappointed. A part of the Indians decamped whilſt the council was ſitting, and the remainder threatened peremptorily to abandon him if he did not immediately retreat.

The retreat [Aug. 22.] was of courſe precipitate; or it was rather, in plain terms, a flight, attended with diſagreeable conſequences. The tents, with moſt of the artillery and ſtores, fell into the hands of the garriſon. It appears by the Colonel's own account, that he was as apprehenſive of danger from the fury of his ſavage allies, as he could from the reſentment of his declared American enemies. It alſo appears from the ſame authority, that the Meſſaſages, a nation of ſavages to the weſt, plundered ſeveral of the boats belonging to the army. By the American accounts, which are in part confirmed by others, it is ſaid that they robbed the officers of their baggage, and of every other article to which they took any liking; and the army in general of their proviſions. They alſo ſay, that, at a few miles diſtance from the camp, they firſt ſtripped off their arms, and afterwards murdered with their own bayonets, all thoſe Britiſh, German, and American ſoldiers who, from an inability to keep up, fear, or any other cauſe, were ſeparated from the main body.

The ſtate of the fact with reſpect to the intended relief of the fort is, that Arnold had advanced by the way of Half Moon up the Mohawk River with 2000 men for that purpoſe; and that, for the greater expedition, he had quitted the main body, and arrived by forced marches through the woods, with a detachment of 900, at the fort, on the 24th in the evening, two days after the ſiege had been raiſed. So that upon the whole, the intractableneſs of the Indians, with their watchful apprehenſion of danger, probably ſaved them from a chaſtiſement which would not have been tenderly adminiſtred.

Nothing could have been more untoward in the preſent ſituation of affairs than the unfortunate iſſue of this expedi-

tion. The Americans repreſented this and the affair at Bennington as great and glorious victories. Nothing could exceed their exultation and confidence. Ganſevort and Willet, with General Starke and Colonel Warner, who had commanded at Bennington, were ranked amongſt thoſe who were conſidered as the faviours of their country. The northern militia began now to look high, and to forget all diſtinctions between themſelves and regular troops. As this confidence, opinion and pride increaſed, the apprehenſion of General Burgoyne's army of courſe declined, until it ſoon came to be talked of with indifference and contempt, and even its fortune to be publicly prognoſticated. In the mean time, General Gates, on whoſe conduct and ability it appears the Americans had placed much reliance, arrived to take the command of the army; an event which gave a new ſpur to their exertion, and afforded an additional ſupport to their hopes. The arrival of Gates enabled Arnold, who ſtill held the next place in every thing to the commander in chief, and between whom it appears the moſt perfect harmony prevailed, to ſet out on that expedition to Fort Stanwix, which has been juſt related.

During this time, General Burgoyne continued in his camp on the eaſtern ſhore of the Hudſon's river, nearly oppoſite to Saratoga, where he uſed the moſt unremitting induſtry and perſeverance, in bringing ſtores and proviſions forward from Fort St George. As a ſwell of the water occaſioned by great rains had carried away his bridge of rafts, he threw another of boats over the river at the ſame place. Having at length by good management obtained and brought forward about thirty days proviſion, with other neceſſary ſtores, he took a reſolution of paſſing the Hudſon's River with the army, which he accordingly carried into execution towards the middle of September, and encamped on the heights and in the plain of Saratoga, the enemy being then in the neighbourhood of Still Water.

Though this meaſure of paſſing the Hudſon's River has not only been a ſubject of much diſcuſſion at home, but alſo of parliamentary enquiry; yet, as it ſtill lies open, without any deciſion on its merits, and that the General's inſtructions are not publicly known, nor perhaps all his motives thoroughly underſtood, we ſhall not preſume to form any opinion upon the queſtion. It will be ſufficient to obſerve, that in his letter to the American miniſter he ſays, That he thinks it a duty of juſtice to take upon himſelf the meaſure of having paſſed the Hudſon's River, in order to force a paſſage to Albany: And that he did not think himſelf authorized to call any man into council, when the peremptory tenor of his orders, and the ſeaſon of the year, admitted of no alternative. He alſo gives in a ſubſequent part of the ſame letter, the following ſtate of his reaſoning, at a time when the army was in very critical and hazardous circumſtances. "The expedition I commanded was evidently meant at firſt to be *hazarded*. Circumſtances might require it ſhould be *devoted*; a critical junction of Mr Gates's force with Mr Waſhington might poſſibly decide the fate of the war; the failure of my junction with Sir Harry Clinton, or the loſs of my retreat to Canada, could only be a partial misfortune." Whether his retreat was at this period quite practicable, even if his orders had not been to advance at all hazards, is uncertain.

Such it ſeems were the principles of the General's conduct in ſome of the ſucceeding events. As the army advanced along the river towards the enemy, they found the country very impracticable, being covered with thick woods, and a continual repair of bridges neceſſary. Being at length arrived in the front of the enemy (Sept 19.), ſome woods only of no great extent intervening, the General put himſelf at the head of the Britiſh line which compoſed the right wing. That wing was covered by General Frazer and Colonel Breyman, with the grenadiers and light infantry of the army, who kept along ſome high grounds which commanded its right flank, being themſelves covered by the Indians, Provincials, and Canadians, in the front and flanks. The left wing and artillery, under the Major-Generals Philips and Reideſel, kept along the great road and meadows by the river ſide.

The enemy, being incapable, from the nature of the country, of perceiving the different combinations of the march, iſſued from their camp in great force, with a deſign of turning the right wing, and taking the Britiſh line on the flank. Being unexpectedly checked in this deſign by the ſtrong poſition of General Frazer, they immediately countermarched, and the ſame particularity of country which had occaſioned their miſtake, now ope-

rating as effectually to prevent the diſcovery, and conſequently the taking any advantage of their ſubſequent movement, they directed their principal effort to the left of the ſame wing.

The Britiſh troops were not a little ſurprized at the boldneſs in which they began the attack, and the vigour and obſtinacy with which it was ſuſtained, from three o'clock in the afternoon till after ſunſet. Arnold led on the enemy, and ſought danger with an eagerneſs and intrepidity, which, though much in his character, was at no time more eminently diſtinguiſhed. The enemy were, however, continually ſupplied with freſh troops, whilſt the weight of the action lay principally for a long time upon the 20th, the 21ſt, and 62d regiments. It will be needleſs to ſay, that they behaved with their uſual firmneſs and gallantry, though it may not be totally ſuperfluous to obſerve, that the greater part of theſe three regiments were engaged for near four hours without intermiſſion.

Moſt of the other corps of the army bore alſo a good ſhare in the buſineſs of the day. The 24th regiment, which belonged to Frazer's brigade, with the grenadiers and a part of the light infantry, were for ſome time brought into action, and charged with their uſual ſpirit and bravery. Breyman's riflemen, and ſome other parts of his corps, alſo did good ſervice; but theſe troops only acted partially and occaſionally, as the heights, on which they had been originally poſted, were of too great importance to be totally evacuated.

Major-general Phillips, upon firſt hearing the firing, made his way with Major Williams and a part of the artillery thro' a very difficult part of the wood, and for that time rendered moſt eſſential ſervice. It ſeems as if in one inſtance his preſence of mind had nearly ſaved the army, when, in the moſt critical point of time, he reſtored the action by leading up the 20th regiment, the enemy having then obtained a great ſuperiority of fire. Though every part of the artillery performed almoſt wonders, the brave Captain Jones (who was unfortunately, though glorioufly kiled), with his brigade, were particularly diſtinguiſhed. Major-General Reideſel alſo exerted himſelf to bring up a part of the left wing, and arrived in time to charge the enemy with bravery and effect. Juſt as the light cloſed the enemy retired, and left the royal army maſters of the field of battle. The darkneſs equally prevented purſuit and priſoners.

Upon the whole, the royal army gained nothing but honour by this arduous ſtruggle and hard-fought battle. They had now grappled with ſuch an enemy as they had never before encountered in America; and ſuch as they were too apt to imagine it could not produce. The flattering ideas that the Americans could only fight under the covert of walls, hedges, or entrenchments, and were incapable of ſuſtaining a fair and open conflict in the field, were now at an end. This opinion had alſo been in ſome meaſure ſhaken in the ſouth. Here they met with a foe who ſeemed as eager for action, as careleſs of danger, and as indifferent with reſpect to ground or cover as themſelves; and after a hard and cloſe conteſt of four hours, hand to hand, when darkneſs put an end to the engagement, the royal forces but barely kept the field, and the Americans only returned to their camp.

We loſt many brave men in this action, and it was not much matter of comfort that the Americans had loſt a greater number.

The Britiſh army lay all night on their arms in the field of battle, and in the morning took a poſition nearly within cannon-ſhot of the enemy's camp, fortifying their right wing, and extending their left ſo as to cover thoſe meadows through which the river runs, and where their batteaux and hoſpitals were placed. The 47th regiment, with that of Heſſe-Hanau, and a corps of provincials, were encamped in the meadows as an additional ſecurity. The enemy's right was incapable of approach, and their left was too ſtrongly fortified to be inſulted.

[*To be continued.*]

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE HERMIT.

—IT blew a tempeſt, and I retired to a wood by the road-ſide for ſhelter. I had not advanced far among the trees, till I perceived a path, which ſeemed to lead to a convenient retreat from the ſtorm. I purſued the tract, till I arrived at a ſmall hut concealed among the trees: It looked like the dwelling of a ſolitary hermit. I went up to it, and perceived from a little opening in the hut, which ſerved for a window, an old man ſitting at

at the further end. His face bore the marks of ſettled gloom; his eyes, from which I could ſee the tear ſtart, were fixed on a little book he held in his hand. He looked at it for ſome time, then laid it aſide,—fetched a ſigh, took it up again. The ſight of it ſeemed to renew his ſorrow; the tear trickled down his cheek; he put his book in his pocket, and with a little handkerchief was wiping his eye when I appeared before him. He ſeemed ſomewhat ſurpriſed at ſeeing me. Who art thou? ſaid he: Why comeſt thou to diſturb the few ſorrowing days of a wretched old man?—I told him I had come into the wood to avoid the ſtorm, and, preſſing forward, had arrived at the place where he then ſaw me. I ſaid I was ſorry if my coming there had given him offence; and that I would, with pleaſure, do any thing in my power to remove the gloom which ſeemed to hang about him. The poor man ſighed; and, ſhaking his head, told me, that was impoſſible. Upon my expreſſing a deſire to know his hiſtory, he bid me ſit down by him, and proceeded thus:

"I am the eldeſt ſon of Sir——. Being his only child, the heir of a large fortune, I was a great favourite.—Every enjoyment I could think of was procured for me. I lived in a perpetual round of youthful pleaſures. In this manner I paſſed my life till I had attained my twentieth year. Being one evening at an aſſembly, I was ſtruck with the appearance of a young lady I had never ſeen before. Her flaxen hair hung in beautiful ringlets on her neck; her features were remarkably regular and well-proportioned; her countenance had ſo much the expreſſion of goodneſs and love, that I was inſtantly enamoured of her. As ſhe ſeemed to be diſengaged, I made up to her, and begged to have the pleaſure of dancing with her that evening. She conſented with a look of infinite ſweetneſs. While I talked with her during the evening, I felt ſuch emotions as I had never felt before. At the end of the entertainment I ſaw her home, and obtained permiſſion to viſit her.

"Thus began my acquaintance with the fair Amanda. The more I knew of her, the more I loved her. It is impoſſible to deſcribe her to you. She poſſeſſed every qualification which can adorn her ſex. I cultivated her favour by every means in my power for ſome months, during which time I viſited her daily, and met with as great encouragement as I could expect. When we were one day by ourſelves in the parlour, I ventured to declare my paſſion for her: I did it in the moſt reſpectful and paſſionate terms. The beautiful Amanda bluſhed, and from her looks I could ſee ſhe was not diſpleaſed. She ſoon afterwards made me happy by the tendereſt declarations of mutual love. Never did man feel ſuch tranſport as I did upon this occaſion. I was frantic with joy. I ſnatched a kiſs from her pouting lips. She gently reproved me with ſo enchanting a look, that I was almoſt tempted to repeat the offence. Happily for ſome weeks we ſpent our time in the mutual declarations of ſincere affection. I was uneaſy when abſent from Amanda. She employed all my thoughts. I hurried over every other buſineſs that I might fly to her arms, and enjoy the ſweets of innocence and love. It was on a ſummer's evening, I remember it well, the weather was warm, the ſky was clear, when I went with the lovely nymph to take an evening walk. She leaned on my arm as we went along, till we arrived at a ſeat in the garden. We ſat down together. We talked of love, and vowed eternal conſtancy. I hinted to her my fears, that ſome happier ſwain might ſome time deprive me of the bleſſings of her love, without which life would be a burden. She was offended at the inſinuation, and, preſſing my hand, reproved me for entertaining ſo unworthy a thought. She gave me this little pocket-book, and bid me keep it as a memorial of her love. I took it from her, and ſaid I would hold it ſacred as my life. I gave her in exchange a little ring, which ſhe promiſed to wear for my ſake. Little did I then think ſhe could ever prove faithleſs!

"Soon after this, the day was fixed for our nuptials. I waited with the greateſt impatience for the happy hour which was to make Amanda for ever mine. In the mean time I introduced her to my friends as my future wife, particularly to Lord B——. By why do I name that villain as my friend! he has cauſed all my miſeries. But for him, I had been happy. His Lordſhip paid particular attention to Amanda; and I thought ſhe liſtened to him with uncommon pleaſure. 'Twas then, for the firſt time, I felt the pangs of jealouſy. I felt a diſtreſs, which, I ſincerely pray, my worſt enemy may never experience. Sometimes I would attempt to convince myſelf that my jealouſies were groundleſs. I would reaſon with

myſelf thus: It is his being *my* friend which makes Amanda notice him ſo much. 'Tis, perhaps, ordinary civility, which my unbounded affection and my temper, naturally jealous, took offence at. After all, I found myſelf altogether unhappy. Every ſmile ſhe gave him gave me infinite torture; but I ſtrove to conceal thoſe paſſions, and to convince myſelf that my jealouſies were groundleſs. They turned out to be too well founded.

"Calling upon Amanda the day preceding the one fixed for our nuptials, I was given to underſtand ſhe had gone off that morning in a poſt-chaiſe with Lord B——. I was petrified with rage and aſtoniſhment. After a little recollection I went home, mounted my horſe, and purſued the road I learned they had taken. I travelled the whole day as quick as my horſe could carry me. About evening I met a man in livery, whom I knew to be his Lordſhip's ſervant. I made up to him, and ſternly enquired for his maſter; he at firſt refuſed to give me any information; but on my threatening him, he acknowledged that Amanda had been married to Lord B—— that morning, and that they were then in an inn ten miles further on, where they were to ſleep that night. My feelings on this intelligence may be eaſier imagined than expreſſed. In the firſt tranſports of my fury I reſolved to diſpatch Lord B——, Amanda, and myſelf; and actually ſet ſpurs to my horſe, and rode ſome miles with that wicked intention. Thank God it was not accompliſhed! My horſe at full ſpeed fell to the ground, and threw me off. I was rendered inſenſible by the fall. On my recovery, I found myſelf in a bed in a houſe by the road-ſide, the maſter of which, as I underſtood afterwards, had ſeen me fall, and with the aſſiſtance of his ſervants, carried me to his houſe. The hurt occaſioned by my fall, joined to the diſtracting paſſions which then agitated me, threw me into a fever. I was dangerouſly ill for ſome weeks; at laſt, however, I recovered.

"My love for Amanda returned, but my rage was now converted into ſettled ſilent grief. I found I could not be happy in the world. I reſolved to forſake the ſociety of men, and, in ſome ſolitary retreat, to repent of my ſins, and forget the faithleſs Amanda.—I made choice of this hut. I have been here forty years, and, during that time, the image of the faithleſs Amanda has not been one hour abſent from me. This little book, each time I look at it, renews my grief, and reminds me of Amanda, and inconſtancy. I muſt be for ever miſerable, and muſt ſoon end my wretched life; but may ſhe be happy! may every bleſſing attend her! may none of the human race feel diſtreſs like me."

The poor man ended his ſtory; and as the ſtorm had now ſubſided, I took my leave of him, and purſued my journey.

Lanarkſhire, Feb. 20. 1779.

PORTIUS.

A Critical Account of the DEFEAT *of the* SPANISH ARMADA.

By Chriſtopher O'Bryen, *Eſq.*

HISTORY cannot furniſh us with a more deplorable ſcene, in the marine, than the loſs of the Armada of Philip II. King of Spain. This prince, having taken a reſolution to make a conqueſt of England, had given orders to build 140 galleons and galleaſſes, of a moſt enormous ſize, and ſupplied them with a vaſt number of warlike machines, and 2500 pieces of large cannon. They took on board about 30,000 ſoldiers and ſailors, with the flower of the Spaniſh nobility. Theſe ſhips of war were attended with a prodigious number of tranſports, ſtore ſhips, &c. with proviſions and ammunition for ſix months. All Europe was in the utmoſt conſternation to learn the place of deſtination of ſo formidable an armament; whilſt the Spaniards vainly flattered themſelves, they could not fail of ſucceſs adequate to ſuch mighty and aſtoniſhing preparations.

But it is to little purpoſe to fit out great fleets and armies, without ſending, at the ſame time, able and experienced generals (admirals) to conduct and command them: the ſkill of the officers is of greater moment than the greateſs of the ſhips, and the number of guns. Philip failed in this eſſential article: he truſted the Duke of Medina Sidonia with the command of his fleet, who had no knowledge of the marine, and took little care in the choice of either good ſailors or able pilots; not conſidering, that ſo material an overſight was the ſame as if he had ſent his galleaſſes to ſea without ſails or oars: for it is in vain to have them on board, unleſs they are managed with dexterity and addreſs, when required. The conſequence of which was, they began by making ſuch groſs miſtakes in getting out of Liſbon harbour, that the fleet had like

to have been loſt before they had doubled Cape Finiſterre. They entered the Engliſh channel with the wind at S. W. and by the 30th of June got the length of Plymouth, where they might have eaſily defeated the Engliſh, who lay there in diſorder, unprepared to receive an enemy they ſo little expected. Ricaldo, the lieutenant-general of the Spaniſh army, made uſe of every argument he could to perſuade the Duke of Sidonia to embrace ſo favourable a conjuncture: but it requires no ſmall talents to be able to take good counſel. The Spaniſh general overlooked ſuch wholeſome advice, and by that means gave the Engliſh an opportunity of following and annoying him in his courſe up the channel, and even of taking one of his galliots that was diſabled by falling aboard of one of his fleet. He anchored the 6th of Auguſt off Calais, where it was ſtrongly remonſtrated to him, that he ſhould firſt make himſelf maſter of ſome port, to ſecure himſelf againſt a ſtorm, or bad weather, before he undertook any thing of moment. It was likewiſe further repreſented to him, that the coaſt of Calais could afford no ſhelter to ſo large a fleet to anchor in, but on the contrary, muſt be expoſed to too many dangers to remain there with any tolerable ſafety. He was, in ſhort, inflexible to every remonſtrance that could be made to him, as he could not comprehend from whence thoſe dangers could ariſe. The night of the 7th of Auguſt, the Engliſh, who had anchored with three ſmall ſquadrons nigh enough to obſerve his motions, and harraſs the Spaniards, ſent down upon them eight fire-ſhips in a blaze; they, who had not forgot the infernal machines of the bridge of Antwerp, were ſo terrified, that after having cut their cables and crying out, "The fire of Antwerp! fire of Antwerp!*" they got under ſail with ſuch confuſion and uproar, as ſurpaſſes all imagination. At the ſame time, the ſea riſing with the wind, brought on a dreadful ſtorm, which, with the darkneſs of the night, and the conſternation of the Spaniards, inexpreſſibly augmented the horror of the ſcene. Orders were no longer followed: all was confuſion, every body ſeeking refuge from whatever caprice or chance ſuggeſted to him. Some were driven by the wind upon the coaſt, where they were miſerably ſhip-wrecked; others put out to ſea, and ſeparated themſelves into ſeveral ſmall ſquadrons; many fell on board each other, where, daſhing one another to pieces, they were ſoon ſwallowed up in the boſom of the deep, where the melancholy ſhrieks of the crews were heard, notwithſtanding the terrible roaring of the ſurrounding waves. The wind having abated a little towards morning, the Engliſh had a moſt ſhocking and moving ſcene to behold of the horrible ſtate of the Spaniſh ſhips; which they attacked with ſo much the greater eaſe. They took, ſunk, and deſtroyed a great number, without their having the power ſcarcely to reſiſt them. There was only Ricaldo, Pimentel, Toledo, and Moncada, who, having rejoined their admiral, made up a ſmall ſquadron, and with incredible bravery withſtood the force of the enemy, but the weather coming on a-freſh, ſoon parted them. Moncado, with his galleas was thrown upon the ſhore at Calais, where, being attacked by a great number of Engliſh frigates, he defended himſelf like a lion, till receiving a muſquet-ball in the forehead, he ſunk upon a heap of dead bodies, that bravely fell in defending him. Toledo met with a happier fate, for, ſeeing himſelf hard preſſed in his galleon, which by this time had entirely opened, he jumped into his boat, with ſome of the braveſt of his crew, and made his way through the enemy, till he gained the ſhore, whilſt the Dutch had boarded his galleon, which ſunk under them. Pimentel alone fought a Dutch ſquadron for ſix hours, to which he at laſt ſurrendered with a greater number of Spaniſh nobles. At length the Duke of Medina Sidonia, being ſenſible of his error too late, rejoined the melancholy remains of his fleet, and reſolved upon returning to Spain by the north of Scotland; but ſtill, to add more to his misfortunes, he experienced, to his coſt, that thoſe who have not a proper knowledge of the ſea will find it equally fatal at all times. The greateſt part of the ſhips which accompanied him periſhed on the coaſts of

* *At the ſiege of Antwerp by the Spaniards and the celebrated Alexander, Prince of Parma, in 1585, an attempt was made to deſtroy a bridge built by the beſiegers, by means of fire-ſhips, contrived by an Italian engineer; which, with a moſt terrible exploſion, blew up all the mill-works, ſet fire to the whole bridge, and buried above 500 Spaniards in the ruins: notwithſtanding which, the fire was extinguiſhed, by the vigilance of the Prince, the bridge was repaired, and the city taken.*

England and Scotland; and he arrived, himſelf, almoſt alone in Spain, where he brought the moſt deplorable news, and the leaſt expected that were ever received in that country. Upon this occaſion fire-ſhips were firſt made uſe of by Sir Francis Drake.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWERS *to* QUERIES *by* FRIGIDUS, *relative to the Propriety of the Popiſh Bill.* [P. 205.]

EVERY ſtate has found it proper and juſt to enact ſuch laws. Is not the right of natural liberty abridged for political ſafety and ſecurity? Were no reſtraints put upon it, would not the world be a ſcene of uproar? May not the *right of private judgment*, eſpecially when it has deliberately avowed for centuries hoſtile intentions againſt a ſtate, ſuffer equal abridgment? And have not all wiſe ſtates proportioned their abridgment of private judgment to the apprehended dangers of the tenets entertained? There are pretty ſevere penal ſtatutes againſt even ſeceders in our own country.—Becauſe of the claim of private judgment—becauſe they differ from that political uniformity of opinion ſo neceſſary to the repoſe of a ſtate, they are ſecluded from many offices, and from the advantages of an eſtabliſhment? Theſe are the gentleſt and moſt rational reſtraints that can be deviſed againſt them who have ever been of the ſame family with ourſelves, although, perhaps, dreſſed in different cloaths. How ſtrict and cautious ſtatutes then ought to be enacted againſt a ſyſtem of opinions that has endangered every Proteſtant ſtate in Europe! Confinement will do for a lamb—a collar for a dog:—But are not chains neceſſary for a lion?

But we are told Papiſts are reformed—they have laid aſide their *old* tenets. They ſhould be perſuaded alſo to lay aſide their *old name*: for we will ever ſtartle at the very ſound: "*Burnt bairns dread the fire.*" Surely ſome ſofter name could be got more ſuitable to their modern creed.

Your ſecond queſtion is very unfairly ſtated.—Were our nation at the Revolution in a ſtate of rudeneſs and infancy? By no means: then it was in its manly prime and vigour. The events that took place diſcovered its noble ſpirit—its wiſdom and intrepidity. Perhaps we have got more dancing-maſters among us—more reliſh for ſhow and tinſel—and this you call a ſtate of civilization. My ideas differ very much from your's. A ſtate of civilization is when the great intereſts of mankind are adjuſted—when piety, literature and ſolid knowledge, patriotiſm, and political wiſdom, diffuſe their influence through a ſtate; and ſuch you will find the period to be to which I allude. But however paradoxical I may ſeem, I will aver, that the *penal ſtatutes are more uſeful now than when enacted.* Then the zeal, abilities and *ſpirit* of the nation were a *ſufficient ſecurity* againſt popiſh influence, or popiſh tenets. While that race of worthies exiſted, who completed our political edifice, nothing could be dreaded from the machinations of Rome. Daunted by the piety, knowledge, and patriotiſm of the times, the Papiſts prudently retreated from the field, diſcouraged more by *theſe formidable opponents* than by the *ſeverity* of the *penal ſtatutes*, which they might then flatter themſelves, and which their own experience has ſince confirmed, would ſeldom be executed. Not abated in *their* zeal, obſerving this indifference on *our* part, ſeeing the decline of *our* caution, and taking the advantage of ſuch a favourable *change* of ſpirit, they now aſſume briſker countenances, acquire a proportioned courage; and, by ſuch a well-timed attention to *their* own intereſt, upbraid us in fact for want of zeal, for want of equal watchfulneſs to preſerve *our* rights. Give us but the national ſpirit of theſe times, and we will dread no danger from popery; we will ever make a compliment of the penal ſtatutes. But conſidering our preſent ſituation, the liſtleſſneſs that prevails, the falſe philoſophy that reigns, the ſpirit of infidelity which, like a peſtilence, waſteth at noon-day,—we have need of *more*, rather than *fewer* guards againſt the growth of error and ſuperſtition. The wiſdom of former times ſaw this, and enacted theſe laws with a particular view to our intereſts, for they had little to fear in their own *vigorous* and *cautious* days; and the very language in which moſt of theſe laws are conceived, give us reaſon to conclude, that they did not ſo much feel for preſent as for future diſtant encroachments on the conſtitution.

Your third query is ſtill more unfairly

ſtated. The penal ſtatutes are not directed againſt a *well* informed, but an *ill*-informed conſcience.—Penal laws were never made againſt the *good*, but againſt the *bad*. Penal ſtatutes are the fitteſt *political* expedients for reforming a miſtaken conſcience. Fact proves this. For there are fewer Papiſts now than at the Revolution of Manna. The precarious tenure by which they hold their property has diminiſhed their numbers, made them quiet and peaceable, and almoſt annihilated their influence. Of late, indeed, a *relaxation* of the penal ſtatutes, and *exceſs* of unconſtitutional indulgence, have ſtrengthened, not reſtored their power.

Your fourth queſtion is anſwered in a pamphlet, written by the Friends to the Proteſtant Intereſt in Edinburgh, pages 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. The penal ſtatutes are expreſs and *eſſential* conditions of the union: if *one one* of the conditions is not fulfilled, the treaty itſelf is annulled. I have heard it alledged, that there are only three powers in our ſtate: But, in my opinion, the Magna Charta—the Claim of Rights—the Articles of the Union, conſtitute a fourth, which ought to be conſidered as the ſupreme and *unalterable* laws of the ſtate. I ever will deny the omnipotence of parliament in making alterations in *any* of theſe. The people chuſe repreſentatives to *preſerve*, not to *change* them. They are the rights of the people at large, and cannot be changed. I ſhall endeavour to give you an ſhort anſwers to the reſt of the queries at another leiſure hour although I muſt confeſs they are more obſcurely expreſſed than the firſt. I am, Yours, &c.

ARTICUS.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

On DANCING.

EVERY man exaggerates the praiſes of the object which principally has poſſeſſed his thoughts.

The hero ſpeaks of martial deeds—of the numbers that fell by his reeking ſteel—of the plains his eyes beheld flowing with blood. The mechanic, of the ſkill and dexterity with which he finiſhes his work. The poet, of the boldneſs and majeſty which diſtinguiſhes his piece:—and the dancing-maſter, of the propriety and grace with which he moves his limbs.—Without attempting to gratify the humours of all theſe in their ſeveral pretences, I ſhall adminiſter to the entertainment of the public, by making a few obſervations on the art of dancing; then on the character of a dancing-maſter.

Dancing may be defined,—the art of regulating the body agreeable to certain meaſures.

This art has been extenſively cultivated in almoſt every nation.—No nation has been ſo wild and barbarous as to want all taſte for this graceful exerciſe. Go back to any period, and there, upon the ſmalleſt inveſtigation, you will find men no leſs admirers of it, than eminent for their attainments in it. To ſuppoſe that an art, which is ſo well calculated to wear off ſavage ruſticity, and to add freſh charms to the delicate *fair*, was buried for any ſeries of years in obſcurity, would be abſurd. Beſides, it would brand our anceſtors with rudeneſs and want of delicacy. However, we muſt allow the moderns a greater degree of merit than the ancients, as they have carried this art to an higher pitch of perfection. In this age, the idea of a nobleman, of a gentleman, implies every grace which can enter into his compoſition; but how can he attain to theſe, unleſs he derives very conſiderable aid from this art? He may have a good fund of knowledge; but, without the knowledge of this art, his manner muſt be diſagreeable, his addreſs aukward, and his attitude would frequently excite ſentiments of uneaſineſs, perhaps of averſion. The advantages that accrue to the gentleman from this art are ſmall, when compared to thoſe of the lady. I need not heſitate a moment to ſay, that the female world derives the greateſt ſhare of their attractions from this art. And this may very well account for their ſtrange attachment to that claſs of men who teach the ſofter ſex the means to captivate, to enſlave, and to kill. The ladies, like the gentlemen, are endowed with faculties capable of improvement. There is no art in which they make greater progreſs than this: for this they have a peculiar fitneſs. As their propenſity to this is violent, ſo the vigour of youth enables them to gratify it. The delicate movements, the ſoft habits, and modeſt reſerve they acquire from the exerciſe of this art, are not leſs obvious than ſtriking. Can the beholder retire untouched when he per-

ceives that ſweet dignity, that amiable deportment, that engaging ſoftneſs of behaviour which embelliſh and characteriſe our modern ladies? How many that have braved the dangers of the field, and deſpiſed the horrors of war, have fallen victims to the graceful geſtures of a handſome woman? But to have a juſter perception of the importance of this art, let us imagine a lady devoid of it—would not her motions be clumſy, her air ungenteel, and a wild ferocity mark all her conduct? Fancy her bleſſed with a lovely complexion, an engaging mein, and handſome ſhape; yet ſhe would appear inferior to one leſs bleſſed by nature, but better cultivated by art. This art is admirably fitted to brighten the beauties, and to bring an addition of luſtre to endowments of nature—refines and increaſes the pleaſures of the imagination—inſpires a ſenſe of decorum and good breeding, and begets in the mind a true taſte for harmony, order, and muſic.

I ſhould proceed to ſay ſomething on the character of a dancing-maſter, but ſhall reſerve it for another paper, providing this meets with a proper reception.

ALLEGRO.

On MR LOCH'S *Succeſs in promoting Scottiſh Manufactures.*

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT was obſerved by a celebrated author, "that he who cauſed a grain of corn to grow where not even a pile of graſs grew before, deſerved more of his country than the greateſt ſtateſman, or the moſt eminent warrior."—What praiſe then is not due to Mr Loch, by whoſe zeal, activity, induſtry, and actual abilities, the manufactures of this country are now raiſed to their preſent pitch?—Independent of the advantages which Scotland reaps from his many hints and obſervations on the improvement of her trade, ſhall it not be ſaid, that in thoſe days of *difficulty and danger*, they alſo much redound to her *honour*?—The extenſion of commerce increaſes civilization, enriches our country, enlarges our ideas, and gives bread to thouſands. A few years ago, the woolen trade of this country was almoſt nothing.—Every thing then muſt be Engliſh.—Cloths, hats, porter, &c.—Mr Loch's Eſſays appeared.—By them the eyes of his countrymen were opened—their hearts were convinced; and the late exhibitions at the Linen Hall of ſuperfine broad cloths, good duffles, excellent hats, carpets, and blankets, muſt convince every man, that Mr Loch's *ideas* of trade are now, if poſſible, more than realized.

Remarkable STORY *of a* FOX.

THERE is no animal in the creation, however inſignificant or contemptible it may appear to us, that may not, very eſſentially, be the occaſion of good or evil to mankind. Of the many inſtances we find in hiſtory, wherein ſome of the brute ſpecies have been inſtrumental agents in the affairs of mighty ſtates and kingdoms,—the following remarkable ſtory of a fox, to be found in Pauſanias, is one of the moſt curious and intereſting.

When the great *Ariſtomanes*, the Meſſinial general, was taken priſoner by the Lacedæmonians, they were ſo incenſed againſt him, that they barbarouſly condemned that brave man, with about fifty more of his fellow priſoners, to be thrown together into a deep cavern, which was the common puniſhment at Sparta for the loweſt kind of criminals.

This ſentence was executed with the utmoſt ſeverity, and the only indulgence granted to *Ariſtomenes* was that of putting on his armour. He continued three days in this diſmal pit, lying upon, and covered with dead bodies. On the third, after he was almoſt famiſhed with hunger, and nearly poiſoned with the ſtench of the dead carcaſſes, he perceived, juſt by him, a fox gnawing a dead body: With one hand he ſeized its hind leg, and with the other defended his face, by catching hold of the fox's jaw when he attempted to bite him, following as well as he could his ſtruggling guide; the fox at length thruſt his head into a little hole, and Ariſtomenes then letting go his leg, he forced his way through, and opened a paſſage to the welcome rays of light, from which our noble hero had been ſo long debarred. Weak as he was, Ariſtomenes wrought himſelf an outlet with his nails, and ſo eſcaped out of that horrid dungeon, and was delivered from the cruel death to which he had been doomed by his ſavage enemies.

POETRY.

ELEGIAC STANZAS *on the Death of* STERNE'S ELIZA.

YE Muſes all weep, for Eliza is gone!
Eclips'd is that ſun once ſo bright;
That heart, late ſo warm, is as cold as a ſtone;
Thoſe eyes the ſad emblem of night.

Thus the ſtars too ſhall fade, and the planets decay,
Old Time but His ſeaſons ſhall know;
The heavens themſelves ſhall like dew melt away,
And the floods ſhall their banks overflow!

The fate of *Eliza* all nature ſhall ſhare,
Then ceaſe, ye warm friends, to complain;
'Tis the long-wiſh'd-for end of our ſorrow and care,
'Tis the cure of all ſickneſs and pain!

By the wiſe and the virtuous Death's ſummons is heard
With a mind quite reſign'd and ſerene;
By the vicious alone the grim tyrant is fear'd,
While the good but rejoice at the ſcene:

Thus thy ſpirit, Eliza, enlarg'd from its goal,
In triumph aſcended the ſkies:
And Death but releas'd thy magnanimous ſoul,
To claim an all-glorious prize!—

Thy *Sterne* long before thee has ſhifted the ſcene,
Or this verſe wou'd injurious prove;
His pencil had painted thy virtues ſerene
In the ſoft tints of friendſhip and love.

But mute is that tongue which oft dwelt on thy praiſe,
Extinct is the fire of that mind,
Which, warm as bright Phœbus' meridian rays,
Enliven'd the heart of mankind!

Then accept, thou bleſt ſhade, this ſad humbler lay,
'Tis the tribute of one who aſſiſt'd
Thoſe parts, which diſpell'd the black clouds of the day,
When the boſom of *Yorick* they fir'd.

'Twas thine to engage his ingenious heart,
By a ſimilar mood with his own;
Both ſtrangers alike to deception and art,
Both honour'd the more you were known.

Thy genius Apollo divinely inſpir'd,
Thy ſenſe e'en Minerva approv'd;
With the warmth of true friendſhip thy boſom was fir'd,
By the wiſe and the virtuous belov'd.

Thy converſe, like *Yorick's*, was gentle and kind,
Thy temper obliging and gay;
Few vices e'er tainted thy ſcience-taught mind,
More ſerene than the ſeaſon of May!

But, ah! what avail thy fine genius and ſenſe,
Now the rapture they gave us is o'er!
Yet to dwell on thy virtues is ſome recompence,
Since the object, alas! is no more!

Thy *Sterne* ſhall an evergreen chaplet entwine,
To bind thy immortaliz'd brow,
While fame, who, when living, pronounc'd thee divine,
Thy juſt claim to the wreath ſhall allow.

Maria ſhall tune thee the ſtrain on her pipe,
Which the play'd by her Sylvia kind,
When *Yorick* the tears down her pale cheeks did wipe,
As he ſooth'd her diſconſolate mind.

The monk too ſhall hail thy bleſt ſhade to the ſkies,
For long has his ſpirit been there;
Where *Sterne* often views him with rapturous eyes,
While bliſs unremitting they ſhare.

Full choirs of archangels the concert ſhall join
To welcome *Eliza* to heav'n;
Then ceaſe, ye weak friends, at your loſs to repine,
Since to her ſuch choice bleſſings are given.

The INVALID.

Bath, Jan. 20.

PRIZE MONODY *on the Death of Mr* GARRICK.
For the Vaſe at Bath-Eaſton.

By Miſs SEWARD.

DIM ſweeps the thow'r along the miſty vale,
And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale.
O'er the damp vaſe Horatio ſighing leans,
And gazes abſent on the faded ſcenes;
And Sorrow's gloom has veil'd each ſprightly grace,
That wont to revel in his Laura's face,
When, with ſweet ſmiles, her garlands gay ſhe twin'd,
And each light ſpray with roſcate ribbons join'd.
Dropt from her hand the ſcatter'd myrtles lie;
And lo! dark cypreſs meets the mournful eye;
For *thee*, Oh *Garrick!* ſighs from Genius breathe,
For *thee* ſad Beauty waves the funeral wreathe.
SHAKESPEARE's great ſpirit, in its cloudleſs blaze,
Led him unequall'd thro' th' inventive maze;
'Midſt the deep pathos of his melting themes,
Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams.
He caught the genuine humour glowing there,
Wit's vivid flaſh, and Cunning's ſober leer;

The ſtrange diſtreſs that fires the kindling brain
Of feeble madneſs on the ſtormy plain;
Or when the pale youth, in the midnight ſhade,
Purſues the ſteel-clad phantom thro' the glade;
Or, ſtarting from the couch with dire affright,
When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the ſight
In all the horrors of the guilty ſoul,
Dark as the night that wraps the frozen pole.
Our ſubject paſſions own'd, the ſway compleat,
And hail'd their Garrick as their Shakeſpeare great. (ear,
That voice, which pour'd its muſic on our
Sweet as the ſongſter of the vernal year,
Thoſe graceful geſtures, and that eye of fire,
With rage that flam'd, or melted with deſire,
Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple ſleek,
Or made the chilly blood forſake the cheek;
Where are they now?—Dark in the narrow cell (dwell;
Inſenſate,—ſhrunk,—and ſtill,—and cold they
A ſilence ſolemn and eternal keep,
Where neither Love ſhall ſmile—nor Anguiſh weep.
Breathe, Genius, ſtill the tributary ſigh,
Still guſh, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye,
With ſlacken'd ſtrings ſuſpend your harps ye Nine, (twine;
While round his urn yon cypreſs wreath, ye
Then give his merits to your loudeſt fame,
And write in ſun-bright luſtre GARRICK's name.

EPILOGUE *to the* LAW *of* LOMBARDY. *Written by the Author, and ſpoken by Miſs* Younge.

OF all the Gothic laws I ever heard,
This Lombard Law was ſure the moſt abſurd;
What could the monſters mean to make us
But for a little harmleſs gallantry? (die,
Were ſuch a barb'rous cuſtom now in faſhion,
Good Lord! it would unpeople half the nation.
Scaffolds on ſcaffolds now the ſtreets would fill,
As ſign-poſts did before the paving-bill.
Were Britiſh law-makers ſuch rig'rous churls,
They'd hardly leave a head to wear falſe curls.
Beſides, what champion now would riſque his life,
To gain what moſt men ſhudder at—a wife?
Inſtead of armed knights, at trumpet's ſummons, (mons.
Commend me to our Proctors, and the Com-
There, though we loſe our huſbands and our fame,
We get our portion, and a maiden name.
And if her fortune and her charms remain,
Then Miſs may wed—and be divorc'd again.
Yet, though theſe frolics have of late been common,
Lay not the blame entirely on weak woman.
The caſtle's mate his rival recommends,
We find him 'mid'ſt his own obliging friends:
Some ſwain, who ſwears he lives but in our eyes,
And plies us with ſuch cunning flatteries,
That ſpouſe neglecting us, and lover wooing,
One ſtrives, and t'other leads us to our ruin.
So, if weak ladies chance to go aſtray,
Their lords, methinks, are more in fault than they:
The goal of marriage reach'd, the men lie down,
Like weary racers, when the prize is won;
Mere catching us alone their care engages;
Their nets they ſpread, but never mind the cages.
The marry'd gameſter more delight can find
In "Seven's the main," than all dear womankind,
Acteon, wedded, to our voice prefers
The ſweeter muſic of his yelping curs;
While the dull ſot, who his ſix bottles boaſts,
Thinks women good *for nothing*—but *for* toaſts.
Thus ſlighted for the glaſs, the hound, the die,
Our pride ſteps in, and to revenge we fly;
One obvious method only can preſerve us,
Strive, by your own attentions, to deſerve us;
And now, as formerly, be ſure you'll prove,
Contempt will meet contempt, as love meets love.

A CATCH *for three Voices, to be performed before the* Board *of* Admiralty, *by the firſt Lord, &c.*

Tune,—'Twas you that kiſs'd the pretty Girl.

'TWAS you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir,
I tell you nothing new, Sir;
'Twas you that kept from Keppel's wake,
'Twas you—Sir Hugh.

Who, Sir?—Sir Hugh, Sir,
Vice Admiral of the Blue, Sir;
Bold Windſor twice aloud did call
To deaf Sir Hugh.

'Twas he, Sir,—he, he, Sir,
'Twas he that cou'd not ſee, Sir,
Who thought the day was night, Sir;
'Twas blind Sir Hugh.

Oh! Sir, oh! oh! Sir,
Was it, was it ſo, Sir?
Who lagg'd a-ſtern to knot and ſplice,
Do you know who?

'Twas Pallifer, 'twas Pallifer,
Dilly, dilly, dally, Sir;
What! ſplicing, knotting all the time!
Was it ſo, Sir Hugh?

Here's a ſad dog, Sir!
To ſplice his very log, Sir!
And then accuſe brave Keppel, Sir,
But that he'll rue.

And now let us rejoice, Sir,
With hand, and heart, and voice, Sir;
From noble Keppel Frenchmen fly
Without Sir Hugh.

THE REVIEW.

SKETCHES *of the Natural, Civil, and Political State of* SWISSERLAND; *In a Series of Letters to* William Melmoth, *Esq; from* William Cox, *M. A.* 8*vo.* 6*s. boards.* Dodsley, London.

THE sequestered situation of Switzerland, the romantic scenes with which it abounds, and the general simplicity of the inhabitants, render it particularly worthy the attention of every curious traveller; affording a large subject for political remarks, as well as topographical description. By considering the country in both these views, the author of the letters now before us has furnished his readers with variety of information and entertainment. The first letter is dated from Doneschingen, July 21. 1776, when Mr Cox was on his way to Switzerland. This place is the principal residence of the Prince of Furstenberg; and in the court-yard of his palace the Danube takes its rise. Some small springs rising from the ground, says the traveller, form a bason of clear water, of about thirty feet square: from this pool issues the Danube, being at first nothing more than a little brook. And though the two small rivers of Bribach and Brege, uniting below the town, are far more considerable than this stream, which flows into them soon after their junction, yet it is the latter that alone has the honour of being called the source of the Danube, and gives name to the other two.

The traveller's next stage is at Schaffhausen, a frontier town of Switzerland, where is a bridge over the Rhine, remarkable for the beauty and singularity of its construction. Of this curious piece of architecture we meet with the following account:

"The river is extremely rapid, and had already destroyed several bridges of stone, built upon arches of the strongest construction; when a carpenter of Appenzel undertook to throw a wooden one, of a single arch, across the river, which is near three hundred feet wide. The magistrates, however insisted, that it should consist of two arches, and that he should make use for that purpose of the middle pier of the old bridge, which remained entire. Accordingly, the architect was obliged to obey; but he has contrived it in such a manner, that the bridge is not at all supported by the middle pier: and it certainly would have been equally safe, and considerably more beautiful, had it consisted solely of one arch. But how shall I attempt to give you an idea of it? I who am totally unskilled in architecture, and who have not the least knowledge of drawing. Take, however, the following description, and excuse its inaccuracy.

"It is a wooden bridge, of which the sides and top are covered, and the road over is almost perfectly level: it is what the Germans call a hængewerk, or hanging bridge; the road not being carried, as usual, over the top of the arch; but, if I may use the expression, is let down into the middle of it, and there suspended. The middle pier is not absolutely in a right line with the side ones, that rest upon the shore; as it forms with them a very obtuse angle pointing down the stream, being eight feet out of the linear direction: the distance of this middle pier from the shore that lies towards the town, is one hundred and seventy-one feet, and from the other side one hundred and ninety-three; in all, three hundred and sixty-four feet; making in appearance two arches of a surprising width, and forming the most beautiful perspective imaginable, when viewed at some distance. A man of the slightest weight walking upon it, feels it tremble under him; and yet waggons heavily laden pass over it without danger; and although in the latter instance, the bridge seems almost to crack with the pressure, it does not appear to have ever suffered the least damage. It has been compared, and very justly, to a tight rope, which trembles when it is struck, but still preserves its firm and equal tension. I went under this bridge, close to the middle pier, in order to examine its mechanism; and though not the least of a mechanic, I could not help being struck with the elegant simplicity of the architecture: I was not capable of determining whether it rests upon the middle pier, but most judges agree that it does not.

"When one observes the greatness of the plan, and the boldness of the construction, one is astonished that the architect was a common carpenter, without the least proficiency in learning, totally ignorant of mathematics, and not at

all verſed in the theory of mechanics. The name of this extraordinary man was Ulric Grubenman, an obſcure drunken fellow of Tuffen, a ſmall village in the canton of Appenzel. Poſſeſſed of uncommon natural abilities, and a ſurpriſing turn for the practical part of mechanics, he raiſed himſelf to great eminence in his profeſſion; and may juſtly be conſidered as one of the moſt ingenious architects of the preſent century. This bridge was finiſhed in leſs than three years, and coſt ninety thouſand florins (about 8000 l. ſterling.)"

The author afterwards entertains us with a deſcription of Conſtance, which is pleaſantly ſituated upon the Rhine, between two lakes, called the Zeller See and Boden See, but affords at preſent a ſtriking contraſt to its former grandeur and proſperity. Graſs now grows in the principal ſtreets, and the whole town has the melancholy aſpect of being almoſt totally deſerted.

Paſſing by the way of Salets, Glaris, and Einſidlin, we are brought to Zurich, a town likewiſe delightfully ſituated, and which affords more of the original Swiſs ſpirit of independence, than any of the large towns of the country. Here the traveller waited on the celebrated Geſner, author of the Death of Abel, and of ſeveral Idyls; a man, we are told, plain in his manners, open, affable, and obliging in his addreſs, and of ſingular modeſty. Mr Cox waited alſo on Mr Lavater, a clergyman of Zurich, and famous for a Treatiſe on Phyſiognomy. Nor muſt we omit to mention, among the ingenious men of this place, General Pfiffer, ſo much noted for the topographical repreſentation which he has made of part of Swiſſerland."

"It is, ſays Mr Cox, a model in relief; and what is at preſent finiſhed contains about ſixty ſquare leagues of the moſt mountainous part of Swiſſerland; namely, part of the cantons of Lucerne, Zug, and Berne, together with the whole of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden: and the General has taken elevations and drawings for above as much more. The model of what is compleated is twelve feet long, and nine and a half broad. The principal part is compoſed of wax, the mountains of ſtone, and the whole is coloured: but what deſerves more particular obſervation is, that not only the woods of beech, of pine, &c. are differently marked, but alſo the outward ſtrata of the ſeveral mountains, as well as their form, are diſtinguiſhed. General Pfiffer has already been employed in this work about ten years, with the utmoſt patience and aſſiduity: he has himſelf raiſed the plans upon the ſpots, taken the elevations of the mountains, and laid them down in their ſeveral proportions. The plan is ſo minutely exact, that it takes in not only all the mountains, lakes, rivers, towns, villages, and foreſts; but every cottage, every torrent, every bridge, and even every croſs is diſtinctly and accurately repreſented. In the proſecution of this laborious performance, he has been twice arreſted for a ſpy; and in the popular cantons has frequently been forced to work by moon-light, in order to avoid the jealouſy of the peaſants, who think their liberty would be endangered, ſhould ſo exact a plan be taken of their country. As he is obliged to remain ſome time upon the top of the Alps, where no proviſion can be procured, he generally carries with him a few ſhe-goats, whoſe milk ſupplies him with nouriſhment. Indeed his perſeverance in ſurmounting all the difficulties that neceſſarily have ariſen in the courſe of this undertaking, is almoſt inconceivable. When he has finiſhed any particular part, he ſends for the peaſants who reſide near the ſpot, eſpecially thoſe who hunt the chamois, and bids them examine accurately each particular mountain; whether it correſponds, as far as the ſmallneſs of the ſcale will admit, with its natural appearance: and then, by frequently re-touching, he corrects the deficiencies. He takes all his elevations from the level of the lake of Lucerne; which, according to M. de Sauſſure, is about fourteen hundred and eight feet above the Mediterranean.

"This model, exhibiting the moſt mountainous parts of Swiſſerland, conveys a moſt ſublime picture of an immenſe body of alps piled one upon another: as if the ſtory of the Titans were realized, and they had ſucceeded (at leaſt in one part of the globe) in heaping an Oſſa upon a Pelion, and an Olympus upon an Oſſa. The General informed me (and it is ſomewhat remarkable) that the top of the Alps which croſs Swiſſerland in the ſame line, are nearly of the ſame level; or in other words, there are continued chains of mountains of the ſame

elevation, rising in progreſſion to the higheſt range; and from thence gradually deſcending in the ſame proportion towards Italy."

While the author was in the Valais, he endeavoured as much as poſſible to obtain ſatisfactory information relative to the cauſes which operate towards rendering goitrous perſons and idiots ſo common in many parts of the country; but his enquiries into this curious ſubject fell ſhort of the deſired ſucceſs. The tumor called the goiters is generally aſcribed to the drinking of ſnow water; but Mr Cox is of opinion, that it is erroneouſly imputed to this cauſe. He informs us, that he has been at ſeveral places where the inhabitants drink no other water than what they procure from thoſe rivers and torrents which deſcend from the glaciers; notwithſtanding which, they are entirely free from this complaint. He has even been aſſured, though he will not anſwer for the truth of the aſſertion, that ſnow-water, ſo far from being a cauſe, is eſteemed even a preventive. The air of the mountains is alſo reckoned a ſtrong preſervative againſt the goiters. Some diſtricts in the villies are more particularly remarkable for this diſorder than others; and in a little village near Sion, almoſt all the inhabitants are goitrous. From theſe facts Mr Cox thinks it reaſonable to conclude, that the goiters are derived from certain local circumſtances; and that ſeveral cauſes, both phyſical and moral, may jointly contribute to the diſeaſe. Among the phyſical, he ſuppoſes that bad water, and bad air may be juſtly aſſigned, but chiefly the former; which, in the diſtricts where the goiters are moſt common, is ſtagnant, and loaded with particles of tufo. It is obſerved that the torrents, which are formed by the melting of the ſnows, diſſolve in their paſſage the tufo, or ſubſtances of a ſimilar kind; to which impregnation, and not to the ſnow water alone, the diſeaſe may be owing.

"The ſame cauſes, ſays our author, which ſeem to produce the goiters, probably operate in the caſe of idiots: for, wherever in this country the former abound, the latter are alſo in great numbers. Such indeed is the nice and inexplicable connection between our bodies and our minds, that the one ever ſympathiſes with the other: we ſee that the body ſuffers, whenever the mind is deeply affected by any ſtrong impreſſion of melancholy and diſtreſs; and, in return, that whenever the corporeal frame is impaired and ſhattered by long pain and ſickneſs, the underſtanding alſo is equally out of order. Hence it is by no means an ill-grounded conjecture, that in the caſe before us, the ſame cauſes which affect the body ſhould alſo affect the mind; or, in other words, that the ſame waters, &c. which create obſtructions, and goiters, ſhould alſo occaſion mental imbecility and deranagement. But, in conjunction with cauſes of a phyſical nature, there is a moral one likewiſe to be taken into the account: for the children of the common people are totally neglected by their parents; and, with no more education than the meaneſt brutes, are, like thoſe, ſuffered to wallow in the dirt, and to eat and drink whatever comes in their way.

"I ſaw ſeveral idiots with goiters; but I do not mean to draw any certain concluſion from that circumſtance. For, though in general they are the children of goitrous parents, and have frequently thoſe ſwellings themſelves, yet the contrary often happens: and they are ſometimes the offspring even of healthy parents, whoſe other children are all properly organized. So that, it ſeems, the cauſes above-mentioned operate more or leſs upon ſome conſtitutions than upon others; as indeed is obſervable in all epidemical diſorders whatſoever.

"I was informed at Sion, that the number, both of goitrous perſons and of idiots, had conſiderably decreaſed within theſe few years; and two reaſons were aſſigned: one is, the laudable care which the magiſtrates have taken to dry up the ſtagnant waters in the neighbourhood; and the other, the cuſtom which now generally prevails, of ſending their children to the mountains; by which means they eſcape the bad effects of the unwholeſome air and water.

"It is to be preſumed, that a people accuſtomed to ſee theſe excreſcences daily, will not be at all ſhocked at their deformity; but I do not find, as ſome writers aſſert, that they conſider them as beauties: I cannot believe that a Valaiſan poet would venture to addreſs a copy of verſes to his miſtreſs in praiſe of her goiter. To judge by the accounts of

ſome travellers, one might ſuppoſe, that all theſe people, without exception, were gifted with the above appendage: whereas, in fact, as I have before remarked, the Valaiſans, in general, are a robuſt hardy race of people: and all that with truth can be affirmed is, that goitrous perſons and idiots are more abundant here than perhaps in any other part of the globe.

"It has been aſſerted alſo by ſome, that the people very much reſpect theſe idiots, and even conſider them as bleſſings from heaven; an aſſertion which is as ſtrongly contradicted by others. I made many enquiries to get at the truth of this matter. Upon my queſtioning ſome gentlemen of this country whom I met at the baths of Leuk, they treated the notion as abſurd and falſe: but whether they ſpoke their real ſentiments, or were unwilling to confirm what they thought might lower their countrymen in the opinion of a ſtranger, will admit perhaps of ſome doubt. For I have, ſince that time, repeatedly enquired among the lower ſort, and am convinced, that the common people eſteem them as bleſſings. They call them "Souls of God, without ſin:" and there are many parents who prefer theſe idiot children to thoſe whoſe underſtandings are perfect; becauſe, as they are incapable of intentional criminality, they conſider them as more certain than the others of happineſs in a future ſtate. Nor is this opinion entirely without ſome good effect; for it diſpoſes the parents to pay a greater attention to theſe unhappy beings, who are incapable of taking care of themſelves. Theſe idiots are ſuffered to marry, as well among themſelves as with others; and thus the breed is, in ſome meaſure, prevented from becoming extinct."

We afterwards meet with an intereſting recital of the author's excurſion to the glaciers; on which ſubject, likewiſe, he diſcovers his taſte for inquiry. Some philoſophers are of opinion that the glaciers remain always the ſame; and others, that they are continually increaſing; but Mr Cox is convinced, from the following circumſtances, that both theſe hypotheſes are equally ill founded.

"The borders, ſays he, of the valley of ice of the glacier of Montenvert, are moſtly ſkirted with trees: towards its foot a vaſt arch of ice riſes to near an hundred feet in height; from under which, the continued droppings from the melting of the ice and ſnow are collected together, and form the Arveron; which ruſhes forth with conſiderable force, and in a large body of water. As we approached the extremity of this arch, we paſſed through a wood of firs: theſe which ſtand at a little diſtance from the ice are about eighty feet high, and are undoubtedly of a very great age. Between theſe and the glacier the trees are of a later growth; as is evident, as well from their inferior ſize, as from their texture and ſhape. Others, which reſemble the latter, have been overturned, and enveloped in the ice: in all theſe ſeveral trees, reſpectively ſituated in the ſpots I have mentioned, there ſeems to be a kind of regular gradation in their age, from the largeſt ſize to thoſe that lie proſtrate.

"Theſe facts fairly lead, it ſhould ſeem, to the following concluſions:—that the glacier once extended as far as the row of tall firs; that, upon its retiring, a number of trees have ſhot up in the very ſpots which it formerly occupied; that, within ſome years, the glacier has again begun to advance; and in its progreſs has overturned the trees of later date, before they have had time to grow up to any conſiderable height.

"To theſe circumſtances, another fact may be added, which appears to me convincing. There are large ſtones of granite, which are found only at a ſmall diſtance from the extremities of the glacier. Theſe are vaſt fragments, which have certainly fallen down from the mountains upon the ice; have been carried on by the glacier in its increaſe; and have tumbled into the plain upon the melting or ſinking of the ice, which ſupported them. Theſe ſtones, which the inhabitants call *mareme*, from a kind of border, towards the foot of the valley of ice, and have been puſhed on by the glacier in its advances: they extend even to the place occupied by the larger pines."

From the whole of this volume, conſiſting of forty-three Letters, it evidently appears that the author is a gentleman of obſervation. His deſcriptions are every where juſt and lively; his reflections judicious; and his account of each canton and capital city, is accompanied with a conciſe detail of their reſpective hiſtory, and preſent political ſtate. G.

CONSIDERATIONS *on the preſent State of Public Affairs, and the means of raiſing the neceſſary Supplies. By* WILLIAM PULTENEY, *Eſq*; 8vo. 1s. Dodſley, London.

THE ſenſible and moderate writer of theſe Conſiderations laid before the public, laſt year, the ſentiments he *then* entertained concerning our American affairs. As matters are *now* in a very different ſituation, he thinks it his duty, in a criſis of ſuch importance, and even danger, to contribute every thing in his power to the public ſervice, by giving his opinion upon a ſubject which, he ſays, muſt have exerciſed the anxious thoughts of the ableſt men in the kingdom.

Whatever may be thought of his plan for raiſing the neceſſary ſupplies within the year, or whatever ſentiments may be entertained in regard to what he advances concerning our unhappy conteſt with America, every unprejudiced reader, we cannot but think, will be pleaſed with the temper and ſpirit with which he writes. He delivers his opinion with a manly but decent freedom, like one who has nothing in view but the public good, and who means to ſerve the intereſted views of no party whatſoever.

It were much to be wiſhed, that gentlemen of leiſure and ability, of large and comprehenſive views, would follow Mr Pulteney's example, apply themſelves, with the utmoſt ſerioufneſs and attention, to the conſideration of public affairs, and publiſh their ſentiments, not with that bold, illiberal, and deciſive tone which marks the mere party-writer, but with that decent, liberal, and candid ſpirit which becomes the ſincere lover of his country. For ſurely the preſent critical ſituation of Britain calls loudly for the exertion of every virtue, and every uſeful talent, and renders unanimity, vigour, firmneſs, and wiſdom in our public meaſures, abſolutely neceſſary to ſave our country from thoſe dangers which threaten it on every ſide.

Mr Pulteney ſets out with telling us, that the great load of our public debt has always appeared to him a millſtone, which, ſooner or later, would endanger almoſt the exiſtence of this kingdom; that he thought ſo at the laſt peace, and ſaw with indignation the alarming addition that was then made to our ordinary expences, commonly called our *peace eſtabliſhment*; that he has great reaſon to ſpeak confidently, when he ſays, that the enormous amount of our national debt has been one of the chief cauſes of the American reſiſtance; and has, above all other things, encouraged France to engage in the preſent conteſt; that it has not only encouraged our enemies, and depreſſed our own minds, but that the taxes upon many of the neceſſaries of life, which it has occaſioned, have cramped the induſtry of our people, and thereby diminiſhed our power, as well as our importance.

He goes on to tell us, that as the Congreſs is underſtood to have entered into a treaty, offenſive and defenſive, with our natural enemy, no option ſeems now to be left us, but either to proceed with the utmoſt vigour in proſecuting the war, or to ſubmit not only to the claim of American independence, but to ſuch further conditions of peace as France and the Congreſs may think proper to impoſe: for it is not to be imagined, he ſays, that France, if we were ready to yield, would demand nothing for herſelf; or that the Congreſs would, in ſuch a caſe, either diſunite themſelves from France, or be contented with the ſimple acknowledgment of independence. Beſides, it would be diſhonourable, Mr Pulteney obſerves, in the higheſt degree, on our parts, to deſert, unconditionally, thoſe friends in America who, from a ſenſe of duty and allegiance, have hitherto ſtood firmly by us, at the hazard of their lives and fortunes.

"In the preſent ſituation of our affairs, thoſe who are ſufficiently detached from party-connections, and are influenced by no other motive than that intereſt which all men have in the public proſperity, are naturally led to conſider, whether the object we are now contending for, by the war, deſerves to be purſued; and if it does, whether or not it be attainable, and by what means?

"The object now, I apprehend, is, to preſerve ſuch a connection with the Colonies in North America, as to unite the force of the whole empire, in time of war, for the common ſafety; ſo that no one part may be thrown into the ſcale of a foreign enemy, to the prejudice of the other part.

"This object, it is imagined, will be attained, if the Colonies acknowledge the ſame King, which involves the power of peace and war, and the rights of mutual

naturalization and ſucceſſion; and this point is at the ſame time conſiſtent with the moſt ample ideas of a free conſtitution in each of the Colonies, and even of a Congreſs, in the nature of a general Parliament, to take care of the general intereſts of the whole. It is perfectly conſiſtent too with the idea of an excluſive power in the Colony Aſſemblies, and Congreſs, to impoſe taxes in that country, and of an excluſive power to vote the number of troops to be kept up in their reſpective provinces, ſimilar to the controul of the Britiſh Parliament upon the Crown, with reſpect to troops in Great Britain; ſtill more is it conſiſtent with the idea of their enjoying a trade, almoſt free from reſtriction, not only to Great Britain, but to all parts of the world.

"It is difficult to imagine what any reaſonable man in the Colonies can wiſh for more; and if Great Britain were willing, as I hope ſhe would be, to give, beſides, a ſhare in the general government of the empire to theſe Colonies, by admitting repreſentatives from their reſpective Aſſemblies to a ſeat in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons *, and a vote in all queſtions (except as to taxes impoſed here), it would ſeem to place the Colonies in the happieſt ſituation that has ever fallen to the lot of any body of people ſince the beginning of time. They would, I apprehend, derive every poſſible advantage from ſuch a connection, without any one diſadvantage which it is poſſible to conceive.

"The whole force of Great Britain, and of its navy, would ſerve to them as a protection and ſupport. The great expence of the civil government here would fall entirely upon us, and they would be only obliged to defray the very moderate expence of their own internal governments. Their trade would not only be free to this country, but would have a natural preference here to that of other nations; the large capitals of the merchants of this country would continue to ſupport and extend their agriculture and improvements of every kind; and, free from the riſque of internal diſcords, or external annoyance, they would enjoy every privilege, pre-eminence, and advantage of Britiſh ſubjects.

"On the other hand, every power of injury or oppreſſion from hence would be at an end. They would not truſt to our virtue or good faith; for, by having the excluſive power of voting and levying their own money, and of regulating the number of their troops, the future government of America would be carried on by the conſent of the people alone, and by the voice of the repreſentatives choſen by them. The power of voting their own money, and of regulating their military force, would involve a redreſs of every other poſſible grievance; it is preciſely the controul which the Britiſh Parliament has in this country over the Crown, and for which our anceſtors contended ſucceſsfully in the reign of Charles the Firſt. The removal of cuſtom-houſe officers named by the Crown, the ſecurity of charters, the controul over judges and governors, which they ſo much deſired; in ſhort, every point from which the leaſt jealouſy has ever ariſen, would naturally follow; nor would the Americans have to dread their being involved in the expence of our wars, ſince it would be in their power to refuſe to contribute to that expence.

"What then would the Colonies loſe by giving up their claim of independency? They would give up the power, indeed, of ſending ambaſſadors to the court of France, to contrive there the means of humbling and weakening the mother-country, and of exalting the power of the common enemy of Europe. But they would certainly be expoſed to the riſque of having their Aſſemblies managed by the intrigues and money of that artful people, and of having the manners of that country imperceptibly introduced amongſt them. They would be expoſed too to thoſe diſſentions and civil wars which their new, and, I think, very defective conſtitutions of government, in an extenſive continent, would certainly introduce; and they would ſoon feel the enormous expence which, by degrees, would be entailed upon them by their new ſituation.

"The body of the people in that country were made to believe, that, by their new conſtitutions, the power would be placed in their hands; becauſe every perſon, it was ſaid, in any truſt or authority, was to be choſen directly or indi-

* *This point, concerning repreſentation here, is of a delicate nature; but, under proper qualifications, I apprehend it would be advantageous to both countries.*

rectly by them: but they have already ſeen, that, by the laws made by their own repreſentatives, the right of voting can be altered and reſtrained, ſo as to model the elections according to the will of their preſent rulers; and when to this infringement of their conſtitution, the effects of French money ſhall come to be added, the power of the people will ſoon be found to be nothing but a phantom."

If danger to liberty were ſtill to be apprehended by America, Mr Pulteney confeſſes that it would admit of an argument, whether the dangerous connection with France ought not to be riſqued as an option between two evils. But it would be as reaſonable, he ſays, for Scotland or Ireland to prefer a ſimilar connection with France, as it would *now* be for America. The renouncing Great Britain, therefore, upon the terms now propoſed, appears to him to be the renouncing of that which ought to be to America the object of her moſt earneſt wiſhes. "It is, he ſays, to renounce their birthright for a mere phantom, and to throw away the moſt precious jewel, to graſp with eagerneſs the moſt worthleſs ſtone."

[*To be continued.*]

A VINDICATION *of ſome Paſſages in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; by the Author.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cadell, London.

NO modern publication has gained its author more reputation, nor has any incurred more cenſure than the hiſtory in queſtion. Mr Gibbon may boaſt a majority of friends in the literary world, but his adverſaries form a reſpectable minority.

The pleaſure every ſenſible reader muſt have enjoyed in the reviſal of Mr Gibbon's hiſtory, naturally leads us to lament the interruption he has met with in the purſuit of that plan, from his waſpiſh adverſaries. Surely they might have waited till the whole had been compleated, without endangering the cauſe of Chriſtianity, which has not, we apprehend, received any material injury from thoſe formidable chapters in the firſt volume, which have raiſed the attention and drawn upon him the ſwilling of our ſcholiaſts. If theſe labours of thoſe theological champions had not obliged Mr Gibbon to beſtow a great portion of time and induſtry in compiling the preſent vindication, we might have been favoured with a much more valuable production, the ſecond volume of his hiſtory. Some apology was neceſſary for delaying the one to publiſh the other; and we ſhall give it in his owe words.

"When I delivered to the world the firſt volume of an important hiſtory, in which I had been obliged to connect the progreſs of Chriſtianity with the civil ſtate and revolutions of the Roman empire, I could not be ignorant that the reſult of my enquiries might offend the intereſts of ſome, and the opinions of others. If the whole work was favourably received by the public, I had the more reaſon to expect that this obnoxious part would provoke the zeal of thoſe who conſider themſelves as the watchmen of the holy city. Theſe expectations were not diſappointed; and a fruitful crop of anſwers, apologies, remarks, &c. ſprung up with all convenient ſpeed." Mr Gibbon then informs us, that he ſent for theſe works of criticiſm as they appeared, read them with attention, and reſolved to benefit by every well-grounded cenſure, or obſervation of a learned adverſary, but at the ſame time not to enter upon the odious talk of controverſy. But the examination (not long ſince publiſhed) of the fifteenth and ſixteenth chapters, by Mr Davis, B. A. and Member of Baliol College in the Univerſity of Oxford, has extorted from him the notice he had refuſed to more honourable foes. "I had declined the conſideration of their *literary objections*; but he has compelled me to give an anſwer to his *criminal accuſations*." Having been thus obliged to enter the liſts in defence of his character, Mr Davis charging him with plagiary, falſe quotations from authors, miſrepreſentations of facts, &c. he takes the opportunity of arranging all his opponents in the order they appeared, and of ſaying ſomething to all of them. Mr Apthorpe's letters, and Dr Watſon's apology for Chriſtianity, he conſiders as the moſt reſpectable publication againſt him; and he treats the writers with that degree of veneration and candour which is due to learned and decent critics. As to Dr Chelſom, Dr Randolph, and Mr Davis, as they have ſhown him no mercy, ſo in return, to ſpeak figuratively, he has almoſt pulled their gowns over their ears. *L.*

THREE LETTERS *from* SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE, *Bart. one of the Barons of Exchequer in* Scotland, *to the Right Honourable* Lord Viſcount Barrington, *late Secretary at War, on his Lordſhip's* official conduct. [P. 239.]

THE ſecond and third letters relate entirely to a miſunderſtanding between the noble Secretary and Sir John, occaſioned by a competition betwixt his brother, Lieutenant Samuel Dalrymple, and the hon. Mr Napier, for a company in the Edinburgh regiment, in which the latter ſucceeded.—The learned writer appears here to have given way to paſſion too much; both his ſtile and manner are inferior to thoſe of his firſt letter, and his argument ſeems to have failed him. To theſe three letters is ſubjoined, a ſort of *ſupplementary* fourth letter, which appears to have been added by our author's anonymous friend, after the others were printed, in conſequence of the reports circulated relative to Sir John's receiving a challenge from Lord Barrington.—We ſhall cloſe our account of this *brawl* (as Sir John expreſſes it), by ſubmitting to our readers the learned author's arguments againſt accepting the noble Secretary's invitation, contained in the ſupplementary letter, which the unknown editor introduces as follows:

"LAST Autumn, Sir John Dalrymple received a meſſage from Lord Barrington relative to the foregoing letters.

"Paragraphs have appeared in ſeveral news-papers of late, that his Lordſhip had ſent Sir John a challenge, which he had not courage to accept.

"What paſſed in that matter can be known only to three perſons, Lord Barrington, who ſent the meſſage, his friend who delivered it, and Sir John who anſwered it. That his Lordſhip's friend, who is remarkable for temper and diſcretion, could report what paſſed, is not credible: That Sir John, who certainly was in a very aukward ſituation by receiving the meſſage, would be fond of repeating it, is not probable. There is, therefore, a neceſſity of believing, that any thing which the public, or private perſons, can know of that matter, muſt come from Lord Barrington.

"To prevent miſtakes in the report of facts, and in juſtice to others, who, in Sir John Dalrymple's ſituation, may receive intimation of challenges to be ſent, which thoſe who ſend them know cannot be accepted, the following copy of Sir John's anſwer to Lord Barrington's meſſage is publiſhed."

Cranſton, near Edinburgh, Sept. 20. 1778.

"MY LORD,

"A FORTNIGHT before General ——— called upon me from your Lordſhip, I got copies of the three letters, which were printed without my privity; and wrote to my friend, who had made them be printed, to ſtop the publication for certain prudential reaſons.

"The anſwer I got imported, that, if I choſe to deſert my family's cauſe for my own conveniency, there was another who would not; that there were only three copies of the letters gone out, one of which was ſent to your Lordſhip, and the other two to me; and that the publication, or not publication, of the reſt, depended on Lord Barrington's making, or not making, reparation for the injury he had done.

"I wiſhed to have communicated this to your Lordſhip; but could not, without the air of uſing thoſe printed letters as inſtruments of compulſion; or, which is the ſame thing, without your thinking ſo.

"But the meſſage which I have received from your Lordſhip by General ——— changes the ground entirely. I do not *now* intrude upon you with that fact; it is now ſenſe and juſtice, not an intention to menace, which makes it incumbent on me to communicate it to your Lordſhip; and if, on the brink of receiving a challenge, I make an offer of accommodation, it is I who appear to act under compulſion, not you.

"The offer which I make to your Lordſhip is, that you make reparation for the injury you have done my family, and that I make an apology to you for what is paſt; and that the two go together. In which caſe, I can be anſwerable, that I ſhall prevail with my friend to deliver your Lordſhip every copy that ever was printed.

"But if your Lordſhip thirſts for my blood, then I beg leave to explain myſelf on that head, that you may ſee where you are going.

"In the *firſt* place, your Lordſhip knows perfectly well, that, by my oath of office, and function of a judge, I cannot accept a challenge, or fight a duel; if, therefore, you ſend me a challenge in Scotland, I will ſend it back unopened, if

I am appriſed of the contents; but, if I open it without knowing its contents, I muſt do to your Lordſhip what an Engliſh judge, in defence of the laws, did to Henry V. when heir-apparent to the throne.

"In the *ſecond* place, it is, to be ſure, in your power, by violence, to force a rencounter upon me. To avoid that, I will avoid meeting you in Britain as much as I can; becauſe I will not diſgrace the King's dominions with the indecent ſight of one who repreſents his perſon engaged in a brawl.

"But I have not the ſame reſpect for the dominions of other princes; and I cannot ſubmit to be made a priſoner every where, from fear of any man. I go to the Continent almoſt every year, and ſhall not conceal from your Lordſhip where, or when I go: And, if you chuſe there to attempt my life, the laws of God and man give me a right to defend it when attacked.

"In this explanation, I do not mean either to offer a challenge, or wiſh for a rencounter with your Lordſhip on the Continent. In evidence of the contrary, when I go there, I ſhall carry none but my ſon with me, a boy of 15 years of age, that he may learn, by his father's example, neither to court nor to fear danger.

"Your Lordſhip's meſſage by General ——— mentioned Honour. I think your true honour would lie in generouſly repairing the injury you have done to one of four younger brothers drawing their ſwords in their country's cauſe, and your receiving the thanks of their elder brother for it, inſtead of intending to murder him for giving them his protection. Whereas, by a contrary conduct, you draw the conſequences of the publication of the letters on your reputation, and hazard your life when you attack mine.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

The MARITIME CAMPAIGN *of* 1778. *A Collection of all the Papers relative to the Operations of the* Engliſh *and* French *Fleets. To which are added, Strictures on the Publication made in* France, *by order of the Miniſtry, concerning the Engagement on the 27th of July; illuſtrated with Charts and Plans, on Six Copper-plates. By* J. M. *a Lieutenant in the Fleet. Folio. 6s. Sewed.* Faden, London.

WE have here a very curious and inſtructive review of the maritime tranſactions of the laſt year, reſpecting the war between France and England;—a campaign, which as the editor of this work remarks, "though not very deciſive, is become one of the moſt intereſting in the naval hiſtory of our country." The plans are ample and ſatisfactory; and from an attentive peruſal of the whole publication, the Engliſh reader will probably ſee reaſon to conclude with the author, that although certain late arrangements (here enumerated and explained) may for a while give a kind of energy to the French fleets, and even procure them ſome tranſitory ſucceſs, yet that it is not in the nature of things for them to acquire a ſuperiority over the Britiſh navy.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

We have already admitted too much argumentation on the ſubject of the Popiſh Bill; and, are determined to hear nothing further from either party, in form of addreſs, reply, or in any manner whatever: As we dare venture to ſay, that neither Whig, Tory, nor Papiſt, were he to write till Doomſday, would convince his opponent of his errors.

RHADAMANTHUS is miſtaken in ſeveral of his obſervations, particularly that of Diſſenters not being allowed to teach in England.—The celebrated Dr Prieſtley has an academy at Warrington.—The learned Mr Burgh, author of the "Dignity of Human Nature," was a diſſenter, and alſo kept an academy within a few miles of London.

HUMANUS' Obſervations concerning Churchyards are in general juſt, but he has mingled with them wild thoughts and extraneous reflections.

We ſcarcely think that BRIGANTIUS' Anecdote of Sir Richard Steele is ſo well told as that which we have inſerted:—It may indeed be more genuine, and on that account may have a ſpare corner.—The Anecdote of Dean Swift is ſtale, and may be ſeen in vol. I. p. 71. of our Miſcellany, where it is told in an eaſier and more natural manner than that with which our critical correſpondent has favoured us.

We are obliged to PROBUS for his ingenious favours, which ſhall be duly noticed.

The pieces of * * * ſhall have juſtice done them when opportunities offer.

A——'s Verſes would require more correction than we have either leiſure or ability to perform.

We thank J——Y. M——N for his humorous Verſes; but they muſt ſubmit to ſome little alteration.—*Awa' ye fleeching fallow!*

PHILANTHROPOS under conſideration.

The Lines on Mr R's recovery will ſerve as an expletive.